

Are You Sure of Your Baking Powder?

Do you feel satisfied that the baking powder you are using is absolutely safe and certain?

Have you read the label to see if it contains alum?

Dr. Price's is free from alum or any doubtful or unwholesome ingredient. It is made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes, pure and healthful beyond any question.

Sixty years the standard

Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar No Alum

SPEAKER CHAS. DETRICK EXCEEDS HIS AUTHORITY

FLAGSTAFF OCT. 27—Chas. Detrick, a miner, who spoke on the initiative measures at the Court House Monday night, called down the wrath and disapproval of local unions and card men in general by endorsing the entire democratic ticket.

It has been the policy of every organization to steer clear of political turmoil as nothing will disrupt unions quicker than politics. Unions are composed of men of Democratic, Republican, Progressive, Socialist and other beliefs, therefore it is not wise to let politics enter into the workings of these organizations.

Following is the exchange of communications between local unions and the secretary of the State Federation of Labor:

Copy Telegram sent, Oct. 27th, 1914.

R. A. Campbell,
Secretary Labor Council,
Phoenix, Arizona.

Chas. Detrick from Gold Roads made speech here. Does he represent State Federation, and was he authorized to publicly endorse candidates for county offices, without the consent of Local Unions.

JOHN A. HENRY,
ANSWER RECEIVED.
Mr John A Henry,
Flagstaff, Arizona:
Chas. Detrick was authorized by me to speak on initiated measures, have no knowledge of his endorsing any candidates.

R. A. CAMPBELL,
Sec. & Treas. A. S. F. of L.
The local union want it understood that they are strictly non-partisan in this election and do not approve of the action taken by Detrick.

Ladies Ready to wear Skirts
\$2.75 to \$8.60

S. Folz the Tailor

Ladies Ready to wear Dresses
\$6.25 to \$21.00

S. Folz the Tailor

TO REPUBLICANS: The Republican State Committee is in need of funds to carry on its campaign. It has no office holders to assess. With the meager funds at its disposal it has made a good fight. It looks as tho we can win if we had the funds to pay the absolutely necessary expenses of the campaign. The people want a change and the republican party offers the only chance to effect it. The Hunt administration should and can be compelled to go if we can combine our efforts. Look at your tax notices and figure that you can save many dollars with a republican administration.

Send any contribution you see fit, at once, large or small, to Republican State Committee, Phoenix, Arizona.

Notice

All persons are hereby notified to not purchase any horses branded in my iron



W. W. Bass

Dated Grand Canyon, Arizona, Oct. 28th 1914

Notice.

This is to certify that I am entirely responsible for the action of Chas. Detrick in endorsing the Democratic nominees in his talks both in Flagstaff and Williams, and will assume all responsibility for the same.

Patsy Hoolihan

SAGINAW CAMPS

The writer visited the Saginaw Lumber Camps north of Bellemont on Saturday night where the democratic candidates on the county ticket and the Flagstaff precinct were present to hold a political meeting. Camp No. 10 was reached about supper time where the famous hospitality of the Saginaw people was enjoyed by a set of hungry politicians. These present were loud in their praise of the treatment received from August Lindstrom and his son Charles and the cooks and those who assisted in making the reception which the candidates received possible. After the supper dishes were cleared away speaking was indulged in by all the candidates which was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Among the voters from a distance were seen Pete Michelboak, Christ. Coalshot, Matt Black, Steve Eck and Mrs B. England.

Considerable credit is due Alex Pinkerton and Chas. Emerson for their courtesy in making it possible for the voters to be present. The meeting was called to order by County Sec. Geo. A. Fleming who introduced Chas. Lindstrom acting chairman of the meeting. Mr Lindstrom in a few choice words introduced each speaker in turn and quitted himself very creditably

Sunday morning about 3:30 A. M. Juan Florez, a native of Old Mexico, decided to declare war on U. S. and proceeded to shoot up the American restaurant.

The descendant of Confucius who managed the establishment and those present evacuated at the first shot, and while none of them surrendered, no one stayed to hold the fort. Dave Davenport walked leisurely out to find the marshal and in less than two minutes after the first shot was fired Bobby Burns had garnered in the disturber and took him to the county castle. Later he appeared in court to answer the complaint of Bobby Burns and plead guilty to being disorderly and paid a fine of \$25.

So eager were they in their search so confident in their fancied security, that they never looked up from their work, and the tramp of Hooker's boots was drowned by their grumbling until he stood above them. There he paused, his pistol in hand, and waited grimly for developments.

"Ha!" cried Aragon, grabbing at a piece of quartz that came up. "Aqui lo tengo!" He drew a second piece from his pocket and placed them together. "It is the same!" he said.

Still half-buried in the excavation, he turned suddenly as a shadow crossed him, to get the light, and his jaw dropped at the sight of Bud.

"I'll trouble you for that rock," observed Bud, holding out his hand, and as the rural jumped, Aragon handed over the ore. There was a moment's silence as Bud stood over them—then he stepped back and motioned them out with his gun.

Down the jagged cut they hurried, awed into a guilty silence by his anger, and when he let them mount without a word the rural looked back, surprised. Even then Bud said nothing, but the swing of the Texan's gun spoke for him, and they rode quickly out of sight.

"You dad-burned greasers!" growled Bud, returning his pistol with a jab to its holster. Then he looked at the ore. There were two pieces, one fresh-dug and the other worn, and as he gazed at them the worn piece seemed strangely familiar. Aragon had been comparing them—but where had he got the worn piece?

Once more Bud looked it over, and then the rock fell from his hand. It was the first piece they had found—the piece that belonged to Phil!

CHAPTER XV.

When the solid earth quakes, though it move but a thousandth of an inch beneath our feet, the human brain reels and we become dizzy, sick and afraid. So, too, at the thought that some trusted friend has played us false, the mind turns back upon itself and we doubt the stability of everything—for a moment. Then, as we find all the trees straight up, the world intact, and the hills in their proper places, we cast the treacherous doubts aside and listen to the voice of reason.

For one awful moment Hooker saw himself betrayed by his friend, either through weakness or through guile; and then his mind straightened itself and he remembered that Phil was in jail.

What more natural, then, than that the rurales should search his pockets and give the ore to Aragon? He stooped and picked up the chunk of rock—that precious, pocket-worn specimen that had brought them the first promise of success—and wiped it on his sleeve.

Mechanically he placed it beside the other piece which Aragon had gouged from the edge, and while he gazed at them he wondered what to do—to leave their mine and go to his friend, or to let his friend wait and stand guard by their treasure—and his heart told him to go to his friend.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring
Story of the
Mexican
Revolution

By
DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Fighting Fool," "Hidden Waters," "The Texan," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)

It was through some chicanery, he knew—some low-down trick on the part of Aragon—that his pardner had been imprisoned, and he swore to have him out or know the reason why. Either that or he would go after Aragon and take it out of his hide.

It was outside Bud's simple code even to question his pardner's innocence, but, innocent or guilty, he would have him out if he had to tear down the jail.

So he slapped his saddie-gun into the sling, reached for his quirt, and went dashing down the canyon. At a turn in the road he came suddenly upon Aragon and the rural, split a way between them, and leaned forward as Copper Bottom burned up the trail.

It was long since the shiny sorrel had been given his head, and he needed neither whip nor spurs—but a mile or two down the arroyo Bud suddenly reined him in and looked behind. Then he turned abruptly up the hillside and jumped him out on a point, looked again, and rode slowly back up the trail.

Aragon and the rural were not in sight—the question was, were they following? For a short distance he rode warily, not to be surprised in his suspicion; then, as he found tracks turning back, he gave head to his horse and galloped swiftly to camp.

The horses of the men he sought stood at the edge of the mine-dump, and, throwing his bridle-rein down beside them, Bud leaped off and ran up the cut. Then he stopped short and reached for his six-shooter. The two men were up at the end, down on their knees, and digging like dogs after a rabbit.

So eager were they in their search so confident in their fancied security, that they never looked up from their work, and the tramp of Hooker's boots was drowned by their grumbling until he stood above them. There he paused, his pistol in hand, and waited grimly for developments.

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Once more Bud looked it over, and then the rock fell from his hand. It was the first piece they had found—the piece that belonged to Phil!

So he swung up on his horse and followed slowly, and as soon as it was dark he rode secretly through Old Fortuna and on till he came to the jail. It was a square stone structure, built across the street from the cantina in order to be convenient for the drunks, and as Bud rode up close and stared at it, some one hailed him through the bars.

"Hello there, pardner," called Hooker, swinging down and striding over to the black window, "how long have they had you in here?"

"Two days," answered Phil from the inner darkness; "but it seems like a lifetime to me. Say, Bud, there's a Mexican in here that's got the j-m-jams—regular tequila jag—can't you get me out?"

"Well, I sure will!" answered Bud; "what have they got you in for? Where's our friend, Don Juan? Why didn't he let me know?"

"You can search me!" railed De Lancey. "Seems like everybody quits you down here the minute you get into trouble. I got arrested night before last by those d—d rurales—Manuel Del Rey was behind it, you can bet your life on that—and I've been here ever since!"

"Well, what are you pinched for? Who do I go and see?"

"Pinched for nothing!" cried De Lancey bitterly. "Pinched because I'm a Mexican citizen and can't protect myself! I'm incomunicado for three days!"

"Well, I'll get you out, all right," said Hooker, leaning closer against the bars. "Here, have a smoke—did they frisk you of your makings?"

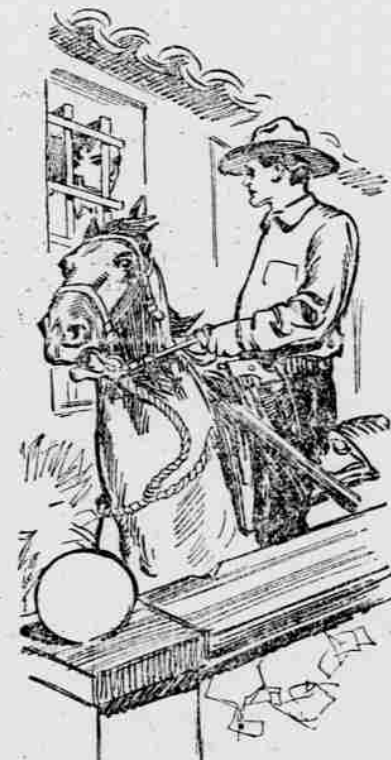
"No!" snapped De Lancey crossly, "but I'm out of everything by this time. Bud, I tell you I've had a time of it! They threw me in here with this crazy, murdering Mexican and I haven't had a wink of sleep for two days. He's quiet now, but I don't want any more."

"Well, say," began Bud again, "what are you charged with? Maybe I can grease somebody's paw and get you out tonight!"

There was an awkward pause at this, and finally De Lancey dropped his white face against the bars and his voice became low and beseeching. "I'll tell you, Bud," he said, "I haven't been quite on the square with you—I've been holding out a little. But you know how it is—when a fellow's in love, I've been going to see Gracia!"

"Oh!" commented Hooker, and stood very quiet while he waited.

"Yes, I've been going to see her," hurried on Phil. "I know I promised; but, honest, Bud, I couldn't help it. It just seemed as if my whole being was wrapped up in her, and I had to do it. She'd be looking for me when I came and went—and then I fixed it with her maid to take her a letter. And then I met her secretly, back



"What Are You Pinched For?"

by the garden gate. You know they've got some holes punched in the wall—loopholed during the fight last summer—and we'd—"

"Sure, I'll take your word for that," broke in Hooker harshly. "But get to the point! What are you pinched for?"

"Well," went on De Lancey, his voice quivering at the reproach, "I was going to tell you, if you'll listen to me. Somebody saw us there and told Aragon—he shut her up for a punishment and she slipped me out a note—well, I couldn't stand it—I hired the string band and we went down there in a hack to give her a serenade. But this cad, Manuel del Rey, who has been acting like a jealous ass all along, swooped down on us with a detachment of his rurales and took us all to jail. He let the musicians out the next morning, but I've been here ever since."

"Yes, and what are you charged with?" demanded Bud brusquely.

"Drunk," confessed Phil, and Bud grunted.

"Huh!" he said "and me out watching that mine night and day!"

"Oh, I know I've done you dirt, Bud," wailed De Lancey; "but I didn't mean to, and I'll never do it again."

"Never do what?" inquired Bud roughly.

"I won't touch another drop of booze as long as I'm in Mexico!" cried Phil. "Not a drop!"

"And how about the girl?" continued Bud inexorably. "Her old man was out and tried to jump our mine today—how about her?"

"Well," faltered De Lancey, "I—she—"

"You know your promise!" reminded

Bud.
"Yes; I know. But—oh, Bud, if you knew how loyal I've been to you—if you knew what offers I've resisted—the mine stands in my name, you know."

"Well?"

"Well, Aragon came around to me last week and said if I'd give him a half interest in it he'd—well, never mind—it was a great temptation. But did I fall for it? Not on your life! I know you, Bud, and I know you're honest—you'd stay by me to the last ditch, and I'll do the same by you. But I'm in love, Bud, and that would make a man forget his promise if he wasn't true as steel."

"Yes," commented Hooker dryly. "I don't reckon I can count on you much from now on. Here, take a look at this and see what you make of it." He drew the piece of ore that he had taken from Aragon from his pocket and held it up in the moonlight. "Well, feel of it, then," he said. "Shucks, you ought to know that piece of rock, Phil—it's the first one we found in our mine!"

"No!" exclaimed De Lancey, starting back; "why—where'd you get it?"

"Never mind where I got it!" answered Hooker. "The question is: What did you do with it?"

"Well, I might as well come through with it," confessed Phil, the last of his assurance gone. "I gave it to Gracia!"

"And I took it away from Aragon," continued Bud, "while he was digging some more chunks out of our mine. So that is your idea of being true as steel, is it? You've done noble by me and Kruger, haven't you? Yes, you've been a good pardner, I don't think!"

"Well, don't throw me down, Bud!" pleaded Phil. "There's some mistake somewhere. Her father must have found it and taken it away! I'd stake my life on it that Gracia would never betray me!"

"Well, think it over for a while," suggested Bud, edging his words with sarcasm. "I'm going up to the hotel!"

"No; come back!" cried De Lancey, clamoring at the bars. "Come on back, Bud! Here!" he said, thrusting his hand out through the heavy irons. "I'll give you my word for it—I won't see her again until we get our title! Will that satisfy you? Then give me your hand, pardner—I'm sorry I did you wrong!"

"It ain't me," replied Hooker soberly, as he took the trembling hand; "it's Kruger. But if you'll keep your word, Phil, maybe we can win out yet. I'm going up to find the comisario."

A brief interview with that smiling individual and the case of Phil De Lancey was laid bare. He had been engaged in a desperate rivalry with Manuel del Rey for the hand of Gracia Aragon, and his present incarceration was not only for singing rag-time beneath the Aragon windows, but for trying to whip the captain of the rurales when the latter tried to place him under arrest.

And De Lancey was the prisoner not of the comisario, but of the captain of the rurales. Sore at heart, Bud rode up through the Mexican quarters to the cartel of the rurales, but the captain was inexorable.

"No, senor," he said, waving an eloquent finger before his nose, "I cannot release your friend, No, senor!"

"But what is he charged with?" persisted Bud, "and when is his trial? You can't keep him shut up without a trial."

At this the captain of the rurales lifted his eyebrows and one closely waxed mustachio and smiled mysteriously.

"Y como no?" he inquired. "And why not? Is he not a Mexican citizen?"

"Well, perhaps he is!" thundered Bud, suddenly rising to his full height, "but I am not! I am an American, senor captain, and there are other Americans! If you hold my friend without a trial I will come and tear your jail down—and the comisario will not stop me, either!"

"Ah!" observed the dandy little captain, shrugging his mustachio once more and blinking, and while Hooker raged back and forth he looked him over appraisingly.

"One moment!" he said at last, raising a quieting hand. "These are perilous times, senor, in which all the defenders of Fortuna should stand together. I do not wish to have a difference with the Americans when Bernardo Bravo and his men are marching to take our town. No, I value the friendship of the valiant Americans very highly—so I will let your friend go. But first he must promise me one thing—not to trouble the Senor Aragon by making further love to his daughter!"

"Very well!" replied Bud. "He has already promised that to me; so come on and let him out."

"To you?" repeated Manuel del Rey with a faint smile. "Then, perhaps—"

"Perhaps nothing!" broke in Hooker shortly. "Come on!"

He led the way impatiently while the captain, his saber clanking, strode out and rode beside him. He was not a big man, this swashing captain of the rural police, but he was master, nevertheless, of a great district, from Fortuna to the line, with a reputation for quick work in the pursuance of his duty as well as in the primrose ways of love.

In the instructions and raidings of the previous summer he had given the coup de grace with his revolver to more than one embryo bandit, and in his love affairs he had shown that he could be equally summary.

The elegant Felix Luna, who for a time had lingered near the charming

(To Be Continued)